

**PUNCH**  
**COMICS**

FEB  
NO. 2  
10¢

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION  
**WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
COMICS**

**MR. "E"**

**CARNIVAL**

**UNHOLY  
"3"**

**HALE  
THE MAGICIAN**

**CAPTAIN  
GLORY**

**KITTY  
KELLY**

**CAPTAIN  
COURAGE**

**SKY  
CHIEF**

**PLUS 8  
"SPECIALS"**

**FEATURING  
MR. "E"**  
TWO FISTED  
RAT-POISON

HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# PUNCH

COMICS



MR. E

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UNHOLY  
3

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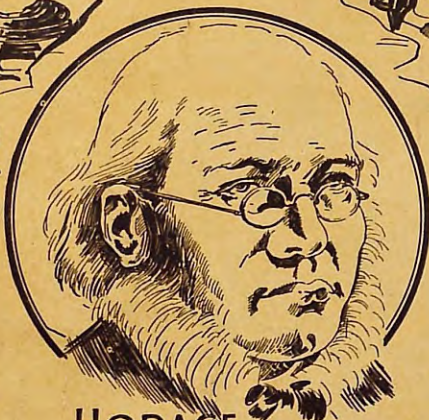
# HORACE GREELEY



Business experience gained  
in Vermont printing office.  
Went to New York in 1831



Was very poor, but worked  
long hours, met many  
failures courageously.  
Founded New York Tribune  
in 1841



**HORACE  
GREELEY**  
1811—1872



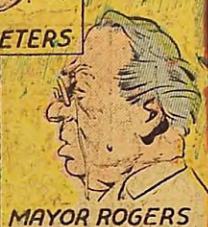
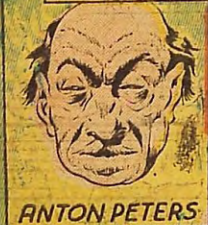
Through Tribune he became  
a great molder of public  
opinion. Opposed to war  
and slavery. Went  
personally to offer bail  
for Jefferson Davis  
in Richmond prison.



Became candidate for president  
against Grant in 1872 and his defeat  
greatly hastened his death in November  
of that year. Was called by Whittier,  
the poet, "Our later Franklin."

HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

HARRY A. CHESEBROUGH  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



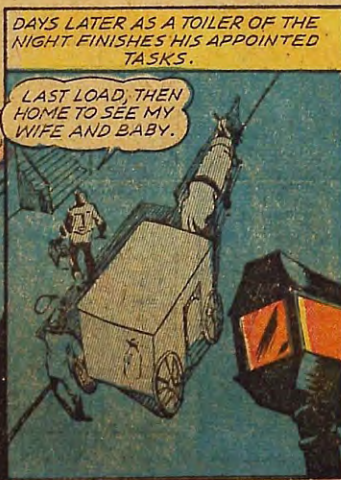
FOR YEARS, THE TOWN OF NORTH HAVEN BOASTED OF ITS CRIME FREE RECORD. UNTIL ONE DAY, ITS SILENT STREETS ECHOED THE CRY OF "KIDNAPPERS" SO LOUD AS TO REACH THE EARS OF THE STRANGE MR. "E".

I MUST GO IN NOW, TOMMY. I ENJOYED THE MOVIES VERY MUCH.

AS SOON AS I'VE SAVED A LITTLE MORE MONEY, THERE IS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT I WANT TO ASK YOU, ANN.



A ROMANTIC PAIR TAKE LEAVE OF EACH OTHER...



A PATHETIC PLEA REACHES THE MAYOR'S EARS.

MY JOE, ALL THEY FOUND WERE BROKEN MILK BOTTLES... HE'S GONE!

CALM YOURSELF, MAM. WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN!



PETERS, THIS JOB'S TOO BIG FOR OUR SMALL POLICE FORCE TO HANDLE. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LICKED! BY THE WAY, HOW IS YOUR WIFE?

STILL SICK, YES! I'LL HAVE MY PAPERS RUN FULL ARTICLES ON THESE HAPPENINGS, IT MIGHT FRIGHTEN THE CRIMINALS OFF!



SOON, THE NEWS REACHES THE STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS MR. "E".

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES IN NORTH HAVEN? WHY, THIS SOUNDS AS THOUGH THEY WERE MAKING A WORLD APPEAL FOR AID. FIRST, A VISIT TO KOLAH THEN OFF TO NORTH HAVEN!



AS THE FIRST STEP OF PREPARING FOR THE ADVENTURE, MR. "E" VISITS HIS UNDERGROUND TEMPLE.



AT THE ALTAR OF THE TRIBAL GOD OF A LONG EXTINCT RACE.

OH ALL WISE, ALL POWERFUL KING KOLAH, I GO TO RIGHT A WRONG. LET YOUR MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE FOLLOW MY TRAVELS, I IMPLORE!



A MESSENGER OF THE POWERFUL GOD BOWS AND MR. "E" KNOWS HIS PLEA HAS BEEN HEARD...



YOU MUST TAKE ME TO NORTH HAVEN, IMMEDIATELY.

THERE IS NO AIRPORT THERE, I COULDN'T LAND.



I'LL LAND BY PARACHUTE AS WE PASS OVER THE TOWN.

AS YOU SAY, BUT IT'S NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY.



HOURS LATER OVER NO. HAVEN.

HERE WE ARE, IF YOU'RE GETTING OUT.

THANKS... SEE YOU AGAIN







AS THE CAR SWERVES MADLY AROUND A TURN, MR. "E" LOSES HIS HOLD!



OH H H H H H H H H!



HEH! HEH!



HE'LL BE A MOST WELCOME GUEST.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



I HAVE THREE OF THEM, I CAN BEGIN NOW!

A GORY SIGHT GREET'S MR. "E" AS HE COMES TO.

THERE, WITH THESE NEW COMERS I WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER YOU SO OFTEN.

BRRR - WHAT A FIEND!



I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS TO GET MORE FROM YOU GENTLEMEN.



GREAT KING KOLAH, I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THESE MEN.



IMMEDIATELY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, THE MESSENGERS OF THE TRIBAL GOD APPEAR.



THE GNOME MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.



HURRY! HURRY!



AT THE ENTRANCE TO A MASSIVE  
DODRWAY, MR. E ENCOUNTERS  
A GIANT SERVANT.





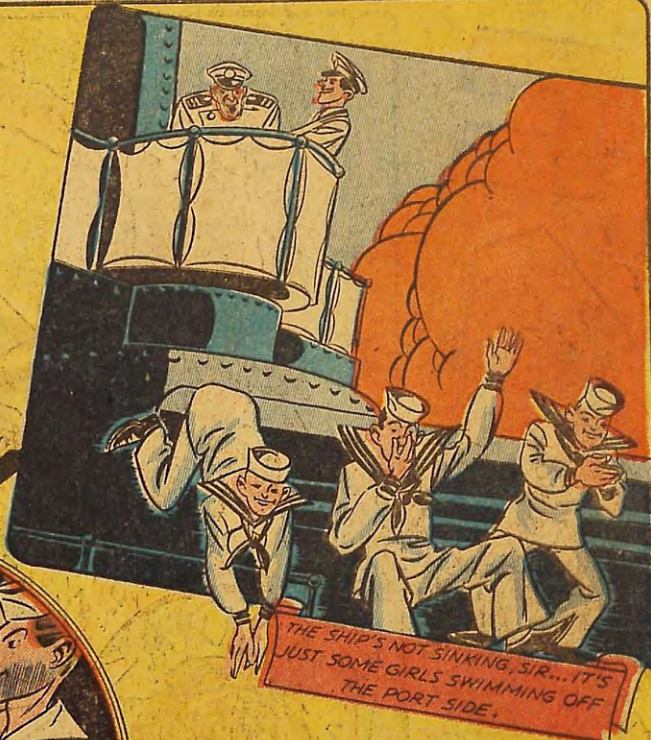
AMERICAS  
FASTEST MOVING  
COMIC CHARACTERS

**DYNAMIC COMICS**

COMPLETE  
FEATURES  
IN EACH ISSUE

# 3 Cheers

## FOR THE NAVY



HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

# CARNIVAL



BEHIND ALL THE DRESS AND GAIETY,  
STARK DRAMA LURKS WITHIN THE  
HUMAN BREASTS OF THE PERFORMERS.

HE KISSED ME!  
CHARLIE, YOU  
MUST MAKE HIM  
STAY AWAY.

YOU'RE FIRED  
STEVE, GET OFF  
THE LOT, AND  
QUICK!

YOU CAN'T  
STOP ME.

INTO THE SHADOW OVERHANGING  
THE CARNIVAL, A STRANGER AND  
HIS SON ARRIVE.

NOW YOU  
HAVE NO  
CLOWN FOR  
YOUR  
SHOW.

NEVER MIND  
DEAR, I'LL  
TAKE OVER.

I'M A CIRCUS  
MAN, CALLED  
ALE. HOOP.





UNNOTICED, A STEALTHY FIGURE SLINKS FROM AL E. HOOP'S DRESSING ROOM.

A FEW WORDS ARE SPOKEN ON THE PHONE BY AN UNKNOWN.



THE HUGE TENT IS SILENCED AS THE RIDE OF DEATH BEGINS.



SUDDENLY THE WHEEL COLLAPSES UNDER THE WEIGHT OF ITS RIDER.



THE AUDIENCE CAME TO LAUGH AND CHEER BUT THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY STRIKES.



POOR DEVIL, I KNOW HIM. AL MASON, MARRIED RICH OLD NEVINS GIRL. THE OLD CRACK POT DISOWNED THEM!

PERHAPS DAVE - YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO YOUR GRANDFATHER - NOW - OHHH.

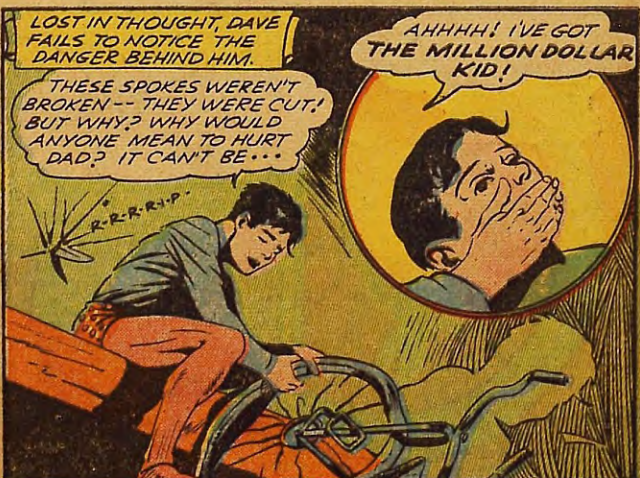
DAD - SPEAK TO ME DAD!



YOUR HOME IS HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!

IF I CAN DO ANYTHING DAVE, PLEASE CALL ME.

THANKS, I'M GOING TO STAY. I'LL NEVER GO TO MY GRANDFATHER AGAIN. THE WAY HE TREATED MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

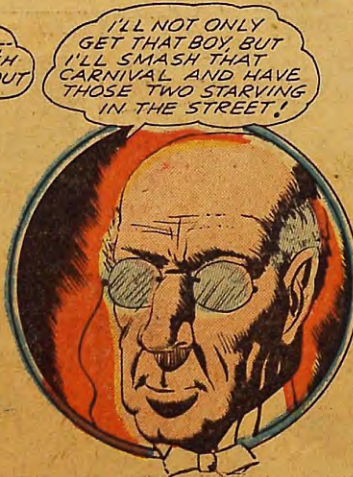


LOST IN THOUGHT, DAVE FAILS TO NOTICE THE DANGER BEHIND HIM.

THESE SPOKES WEREN'T BROKEN -- THEY WERE CUT! BUT WHY? WHY WOULD ANYONE MEAN TO HURT DAD? IT CAN'T BE...

AHHHH! I'VE GOT THE MILLION DOLLAR KID!





NO MATTER WHAT GRIEF LIES UNDER THE FANCY COSTUMES, THE TRADITION OF THE CARNIVAL PREVAILS. "THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"

YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE AND RIDE THE BIKE LIKE YOUR DAD. I SAID I'D FOLLOW IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. THAT MEANS I WILL RIDE AND PLAY THE CLOWN.



LIPS WHITE, HE SURVEYS THE WIRE THAT SPELLED DEATH TO HIS FATHER.



WE PRESENT THE "RIDE OF DEATH" FEATURING THE SON OF AL E. HOOP!



I'VE GOT TO DO IT - DAD IS WATCHING ME - I'VE GOT TO DO IT!



HIGH IN THE AIR, DAVE SEES...

THAT MAN! HE'S GOT A KNIFE AND HE'S AFTER CHARLIE!



ALLEY OOP!

HURLING HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR, DAVE GRASPS AT THE PROPS.



LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, CHARLIE!

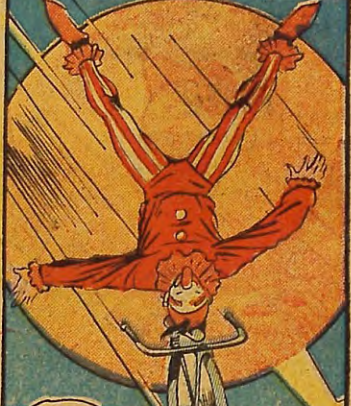
DAVE - DAVE - YOU MADE IT - THE MOST SPECTACULAR LEAP EVER PERFORMED!



THE AUDIENCE CLAMORS FOR THE THRILLS OF THE BIG TOP UNAWARE OF THE TRAGEDY AVERTED.



DAVE'S DARING FEAT IS APPLAUDED ENTHUSIASTICALLY BY THE THRILLED AUDIENCE.



FORGIVE AN OLD MAN'S STUPIDITY, DAVE. THE CIRCUS IS IN YOUR BLOOD AS IT WAS IN YOUR MOTHER AND DAD. COME BACK WITH ME AND LET ME BE A FATHER TO YOU YOU ARE MY SOLE HEIR.



AND TO PROVE IT--I'M GOING TO BUY DAVE A HALF INTEREST IN THE CIRCUS. WHEN HIS EDUCATION IS COMPLETED, HE CAN RETURN TO THE THING HE LOVES-- THE CARNIVAL!

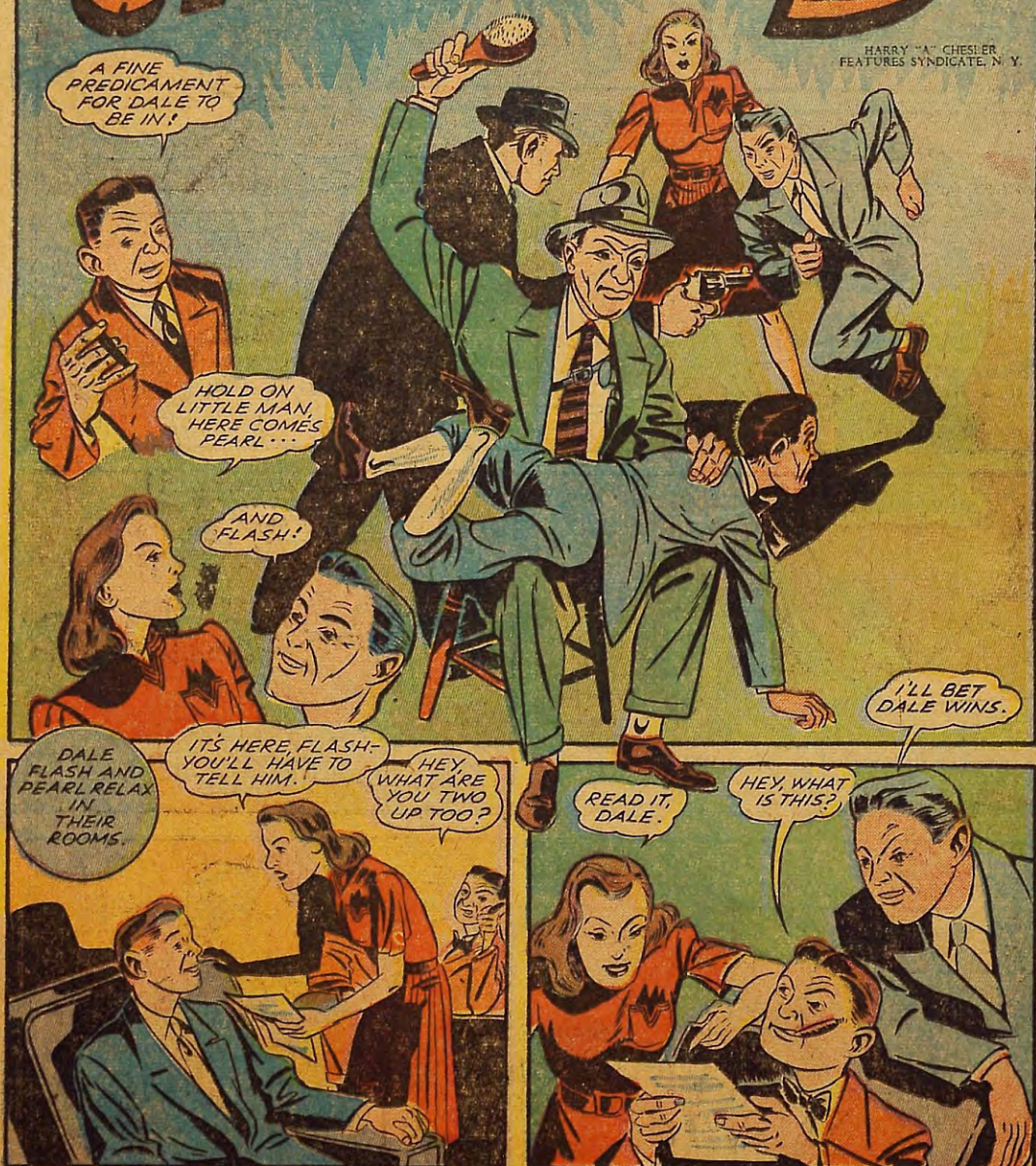


# Officer CLANCY




# THE UNHOLY 3

HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD COMMITTEE

Dear Madam:  
Your application to enter Percival Scratchbottom in the World's Most Beautiful Child Contest has been accepted.  
Kindly report with Percival at Three o'clock this afternoon.  
Very Truly Yours  
Eustace Dotter

ARE YOU BOTH BALMY? WHO IS 'PERCIVAL SCRATCH-BOTTOM'?

THAT'S YOU

LISTEN, JUST BECAUSE I'M A HALF PINT, YOU CAN'T GET ME IN A BABY CONTEST, ESPECIALLY WITH THE NAME PERCIVAL SCRATCH-BOTTOM. I QUIT.

FROM CERTAIN SOURCES WE FOUND OUT, THERE MIGHT BE A KIDNAPPING AT THE CONTEST.

WE ENTERED YOUR NAME SO AS TO BE JOHNNY ON THE SPOT, JUST IN CASE.

MY NAME? SINCE WHEN WAS THAT MY NAME?

AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING, DALE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF PERCIVAL.

YOU LOOK SO SWEET, PERCIVAL.

I'M SURE YOU WILL WIN THE CONTEST.

LET'S GO HOME, I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY STOMACH

NOW PERCY, IF YOU GO HOME I'LL GIVE YOU CASTOR OIL.

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

AT THE CONTEST HALL...

CHILDREN GATHER IN THE WAITING ROOM - PARENTS WAIT IN THE AUDITORIUM

WHAT A MESS FOR A HIGH CLASS GUY LIKE ME TO GET INTO!

WOW - THE TWO RICHEST KIDS IN THE STATE!

NOW TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE SISTER, EDGAR.

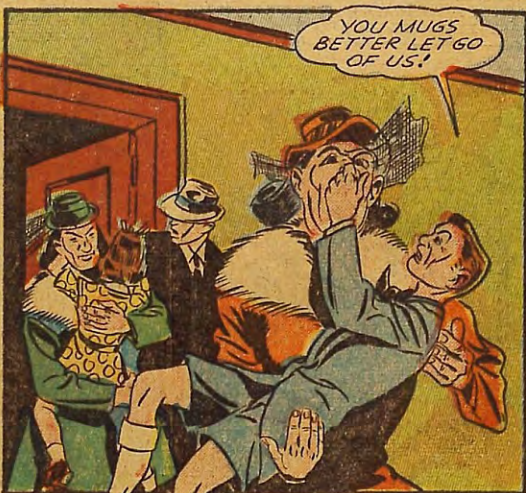
JUST IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN, I'LL EXCHANGE IDENTIFICATION TAGS WITH THIS KID

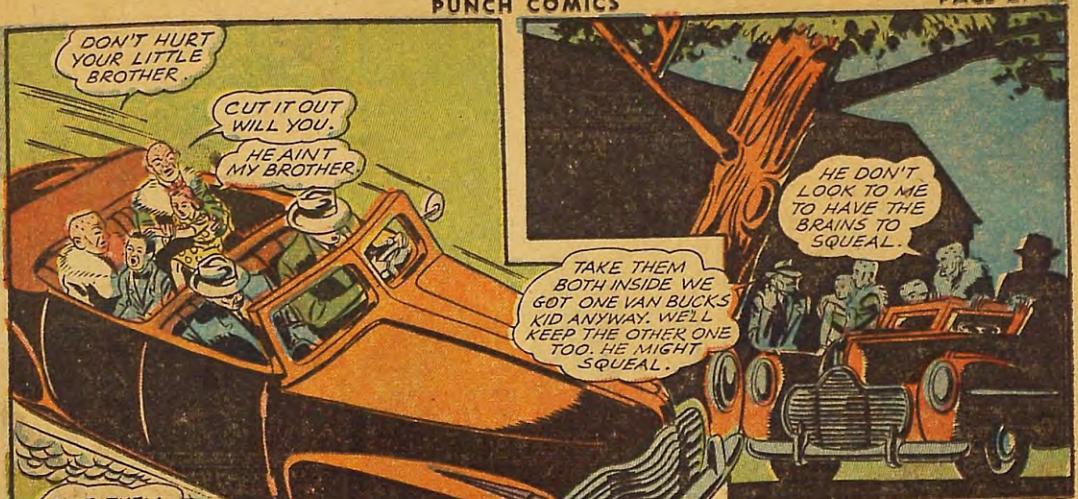
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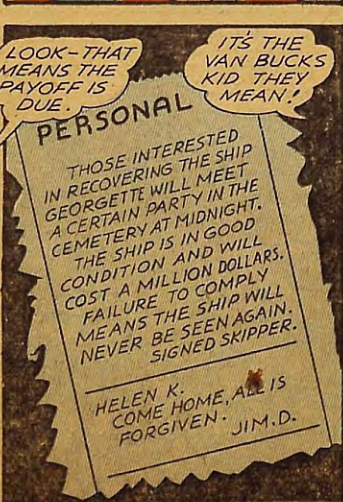
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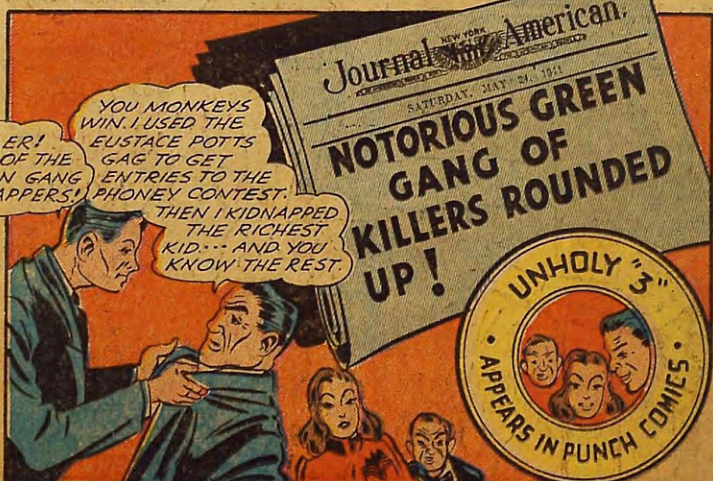
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# THE Forbidden Fruit



The moon shone on the lawn of Miser Dawson's house, as Eightball leaped over the shrubbery and raced up to the big apple tree.

He looked around carefully, and realizing that no one had seen him, quickly climbed up the tree. Once hidden in the tree, he was safe. Eagerly, he began to eat the luscious big MacIntosh apples. He looked around at old man Dawson's bedroom window, to see if the miser was asleep.

"Gosh, almighty," he cried as he saw two masked thieves beating up the miser. "A hold up!" he gulped.

Carefully, he climbed towards the balcony of Dawson's house. He took a deep breath, and leaped from the tree onto the balcony. With great caution, he walked along the ledge toward a rear window of the house.

"Silently he pushed it open, and slipped inside.

Inside the great hall of the house, Eightball could hear the thieves. "Come on," one of them roared, "give us the dough or we'll beat you to a pulp."

"I haven't any money," wailed the miser. "It's all in the bank."

"Baloney!" roared one of the thieves.

Eightball heard a heavy blow being landed, and a muffled cry from the miser.

"Hold his mouth," yelled a thief.

Eightball's mind began to spin. "What would scare me most if

A'h was stealin'?"

He shook his head, "Oh no," he said, "A'h aint gonna be no ghost."

"Come on," his conscience said, "be brave. They're beating an old man."

"Okay," whispered Eightball, "If A'h must, A'h must!"

He took a bed sheet out of one room and found a long stout rope in another. With deadly accuracy, he lassoed the rope to the chandelier that hung over the room, below which the balcony overlooked.

He opened the electric switch box and threw the whole house into darkness.

"Who did that?" he heard one of the gangsters yell.

Eightball climbed on the balcony rail and wailed, "MEEEE-OOO!"

The thugs came out of the room holding the miser before them. "Shoot if you want to coppers. We got the old man in front of us."

"It ain't no cops," wailed Eightball. "It's A'h, the ghosts of all the people the miser, Mr. Dawson, starved to death. A'h haunts this house every night."

"It's a ruse," yelled a gangster, as he charged at the white cloaked Eightball.

He swung a club at Eightball, but the cloaked figure swayed from the balcony into the air.

"YIIII! it flies!" screamed the thief.

Before the gangster could

move, Eightball came sailing back and kicked the gangster in the face sending him sprawling.

The thief rose to his feet, and screamed, "IT'S A GHOST. LET ME OUT OF HERE." He raced down the steps with the other crook behind him. Out of the house and into the night they ran.

Eightball landed on the balcony and walked up to Dawson. The miser cringed back, "Don't harm me," he pleaded. "I'll do anything you say."

"Gosh," mused Eightball, "he thinks I'm a real ghost. Oh well, here goes."

"Well," said Eightball, "promise me you'll stop being a miser and pay your help fair salaries."

"I will," promised the miser.

"Oh yeah," said Eightball to himself.

"And one more thing, Mr. Miser," he continued.

"Anything," wailed Dawson.

"Promise me you'll let the Young Americans eat all the apples that grow on your trees."

"Sure, sure anything."

"Okay then, back to your room."

Dawson ran into his room and slammed the door.

Eightball took the sheet off, and quietly slipped out of the house. Once outside, he looked up at the apple tree and said,

"Hmm, Hm, Mr. Apple Tree, A'm gonna live under you for the rest of the year!"

THE ADVENTURES OF HALE THE MAGICIAN CARRY HIM INTO THE FAR FLUNG EAST WHERE HE CLASHES IN BATTLE WITH THE ROBBER PRINCE, KAVAR, WHO HOLDS A KINGDOM IN SLAVERY THROUGH SORCERY AND BLACK MAGIC.

# HALE!

## ...THE MAGICIAN



SOLD FOR A HUNDRED RUPEES!

LOOK, HALE A GIRL SOLD INTO SLAVERY. ISN'T IT DREADFUL?

YOUR NAME EMBODIES ONE WITH HOPE YOU ARE HALE THE MAGICIAN?

WHY YES!

THEN YOU MUST HELP ME. I AM THE SERVANT OF THAT GIRL SOLD INTO SLAVERY. THE PRINCESS TABITHA, RIGHTFUL RULER OF SAMAR.

QUICK, TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.

A COUSIN OF THE PRINCESS, PRINCE KAWAR, THRU **BLACK MAGIC** TURNED THE LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF THE PRINCESS INTO LIVING DEAD, AND THEN SOLD HER INTO SLAVERY.



WE MUST WORK FAST. COME, WE'LL RESCUE THE PRINCESS. **FIRST!**



LOOK, HALE, THERE'S THE PRINCESS!



THE MERCHANTS LEAD THE PRINCESS, UNAWARE THAT HALE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE.

I THINK WE GOT THE GIRL AT A BARGAIN.

YES, SHE IS INDEED BEAUTIFUL. THE RAJAH WILL BUY HER AT A HIGH PRICE.



MAGIC SPEAR HEAD. WORK THY CHARM!



WHAT ARE THESE FOOLISH PEDDLERS RUNNING FOR?

RUN, GOOD MERCHANT.... A JUNGLE BEAST IS BEHIND YOU!

THE MYSTIC SPEARHEAD TRANSFORMS THE PRINCESS INTO A SNARLING TIGER.

I DON'T... YAAAAAA!



WE WERE ROBBED. THE TIGER HAS SWALLOWED OUR SLAVE.



TURN THE TIGER BACK INTO THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE CHAINS ARE ON THE FLOOR. I'M FREE!

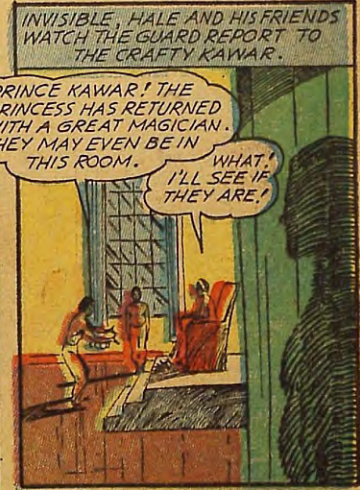




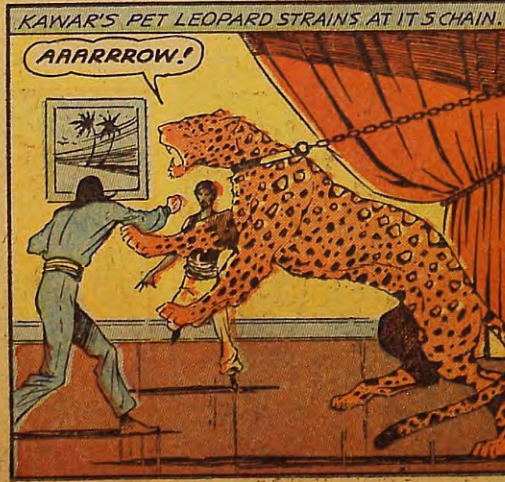
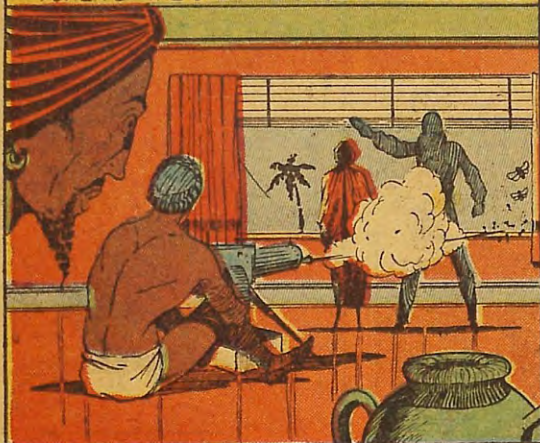
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HALE AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE IN SAMAR.

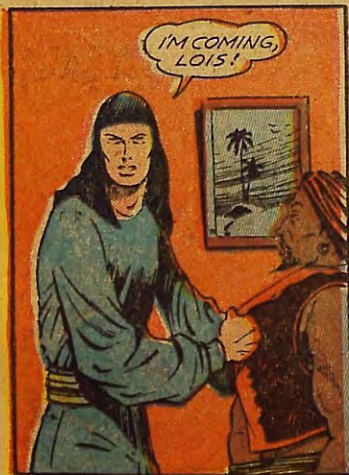
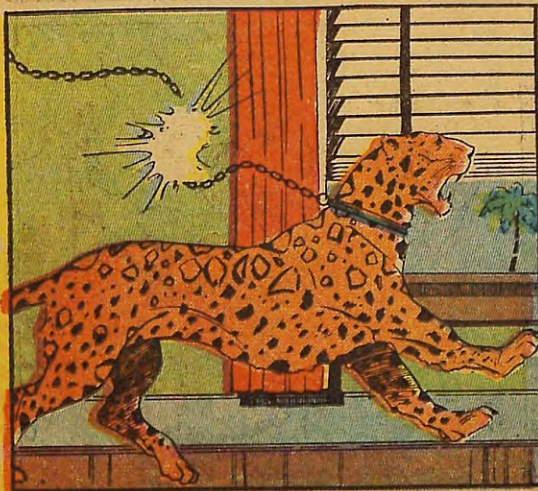
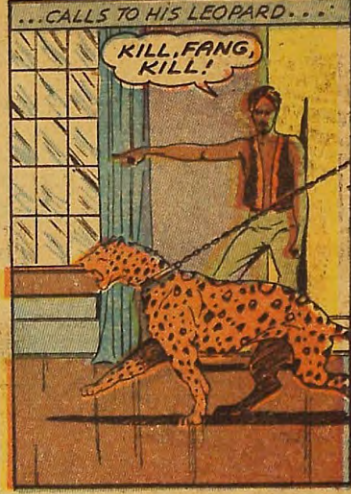


OTHER EYES ARE ALSO ALERT...

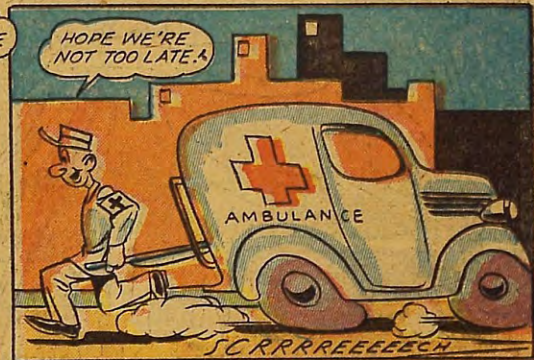
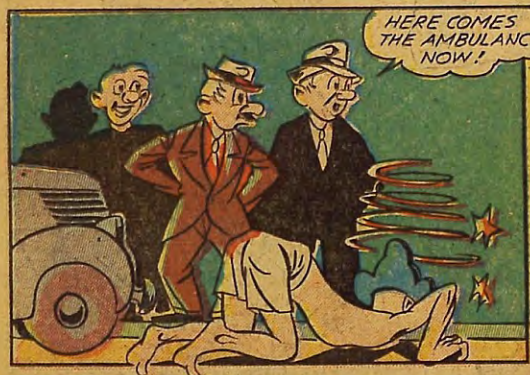
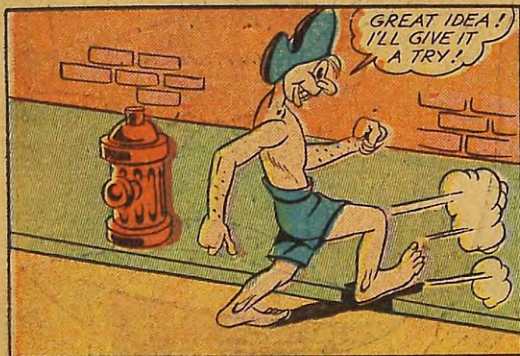
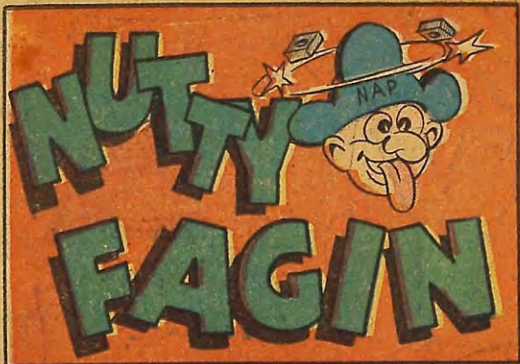


AS THE BULLETS POUR OUT OF THE GUN, THE MYSTIC POWER OF THE SPEARHEAD OBEYS HALE'S COMMAND.









# Captain GLORY

DEATH RIDES  
AGAIN IN THE  
SHAPE OF TWO  
MOUNTED

SKELETONS.  
THE CITIZENS OF  
MINESVILLE ARE  
TERRIFIED AS  
THEIR LEADERS  
ARE STRICKEN  
AND THEIR  
MEANS OF LIVING  
DESTROYED.  
BUT NOT FOR  
LONG, AS  
CAPTAIN GLORY  
PLUNGES INTO  
MORTAL COMBAT  
WITH THE  
DEADLY  
INTRUDERS.



IN THE TOWN OF MANSVILLE, PATRIOTIC CITIZENS WORK TO SUPPLY THE VITAL RED METAL FOR THE DEFENSE EMERGENCY.

GOODNIGHT, GENTLEMEN. I'LL HAVE THE FULL REPORT FOR YOU IN THE MORNING.

THE METHOD OUTLINED BY YOU, FOR INCREASING PRODUCTION OF OUR MINES, SOUNDS PRACTICAL. GOODNIGHT.



SUDDENLY, A THUNDEROUS ROAR OF HOOFBEATS BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

I'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT TO HAVE THE PLANS READY BY TO-MORROW. HMMM... LOOKS LIKE THOSE HORSEMEN ARE IN A HURRY.



SWIFTLY, THE STRANGE RIDERS OF DEATH STRIKE.



SECONDS LATER... THE MAD CHARGE LEAVES A DYING, BROKEN VICTIM.



A LOYAL LABOR LEADER PAT MALONE SPEAKS TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS.

WE ARE GOING TO KEEP UP PRODUCTION OF THIS MINE. ANY LABOR DISPUTES WILL BE SETTLED BY ARBITRATION. NO WALK OUTS!



LATER, THAT NIGHT...



THOSE HORSES ARE COMING LIKE MAD!

THEY MUST WANT TO GET SOMEWHERE QUICK.



LIKE WILD ANIMALS, THE STRANGE HORSEMEN STRIKE AGAIN.



MAGGIE! MAGGIE! OHHHH...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A CURT MESSAGE REACHES THE OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

# EASTERN UNION TELEGRAM

9-30-41

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SKELETON HORSEMEN KILL AND INTIMIDATE WORKERS AND EXECUTIVES STOP PRODUCTION CURTAILED.

MARSHALL DENNIS PRESIDENT

J.L.D.

IT'S A JOB FOR CAPTAIN GLORY, ALRIGHT.

AND YOU'LL FIND I'M READY, SIR.



I'M GLAD YOU CAME, CAPTAIN GLORY, I'M JIM ALBERT, THE UNION DELEGATE. THE MINERS ARE GETTING JITTERY.

I'M THOMAS, PRODUCTION MANAGER. GLAD TO HAVE YOU AROUND.



WITH SUPREME CONFIDENCE, THE FEARLESS G-MAN PLEDGES HIMSELF.

IT'S ALL STRANGE AND FANTASTIC BUT I'LL BREAK THE CASE OR BE BROKEN MYSELF.



LATER, CAPTAIN GLORY TAKES UP HIS POSITION TO GUARD THE STREET.

WHEN THOSE HORSEMEN APPEAR, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR THEM!



LOOKS LIKE THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER FOR....

IT'S JUST BEGINNING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN GLORY.



AND YOU TOO, SUCKER!

UGH!

YOU'LL NEED AN IRON CONSTITUTION FOR THIS ONE!



WE'VE GOT HIM!

THEY SAID THAT ABOUT THE BRITISH AT DUNKERQUE.





MEET  
YOUR  
FRIEND!



OHHHH!

NOW GRIN,  
BONEHEAD.



IT ISN'T ALWAYS  
THE HERO WHO  
CAN BE TOUGH.

BUT HE  
WON'T BE  
SAYING HE'S  
DONE FOR.



LAUGH THAT  
ONE OFF,  
WISE GUY.



THEY SURE SENT A  
TOUGH HOMBRE.

WE'LL TIE SOME  
DYNAMITE TO HIM  
AND LOWER HIM INTO  
THE MINE SHAFT, THAT  
THAT WILL CLOSE THE  
MINE FOR GOOD.



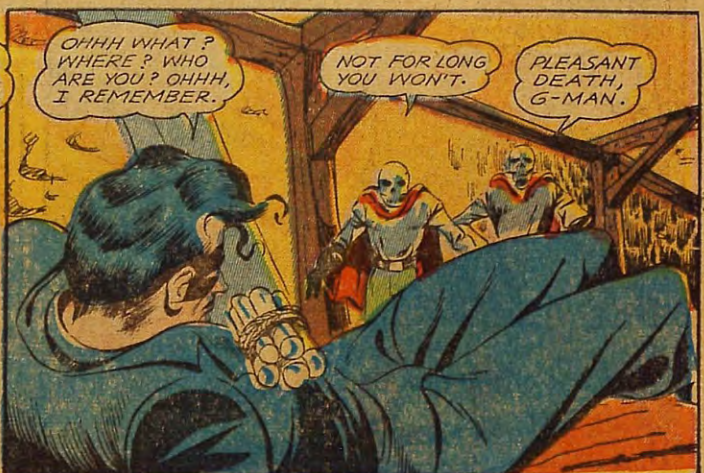
SWIFTLY, THE VICTIM IS PREPARED  
FOR A VIOLENT DEATH.

THEY WON'T FIND A  
TRACE OF THE BODY  
AFTER THE EXPLOSION!



THE DYNAMITE'S  
TIED TO HIS  
CHEST.

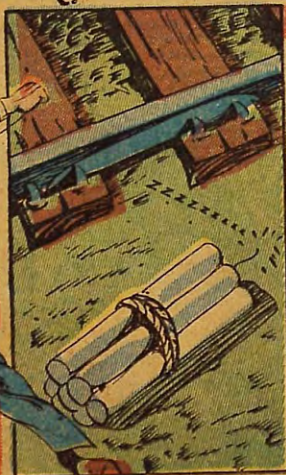
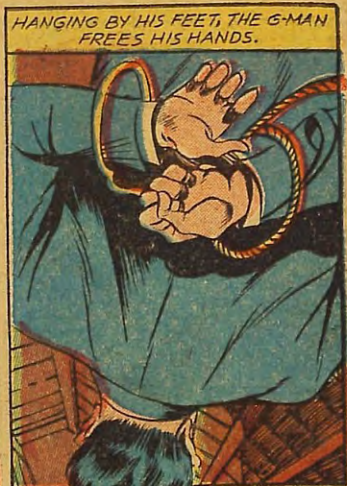
LIGHT THE FUSE  
AND LOWER HIM  
INTO THE SHAFT!



OHHH WHAT?  
WHERE? WHO  
ARE YOU? OHHH,  
I REMEMBER.

NOT FOR LONG  
YOU WON'T.

PLEASANT  
DEATH,  
G-MAN.



DEFYING DEATH, CAPTAIN GLORY  
HURLS HIMSELF AT THE DYNAMITE.

IF THAT GOES  
OFF, THE MINE  
IS RUINED!



ONE MORE  
SECOND AND  
BLOOEY!



WHEW, I GOT  
RID OF THAT JUST  
IN TIME TO SAVE  
THE MINE!



I'VE GOT TO BRING  
THEM TO JUSTICE.  
THIS FAILURE WILL  
ONLY SPUR THEM ON!



LATER, AS THE ALERT G-MAN  
CONTINUES HIS INVESTIGATION.

DID YOU SEE ANY-  
THING OF THAT  
G-MAN?

MR. THOMAS  
THERE WAS A  
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION  
OVER AT THE MINE.  
I INVESTIGATED AND  
MADE A REMARKABLE  
DISCOVERY.



NO! I'M GOING  
OVER TO THE  
OFFICE! SEE  
YOU LATER!

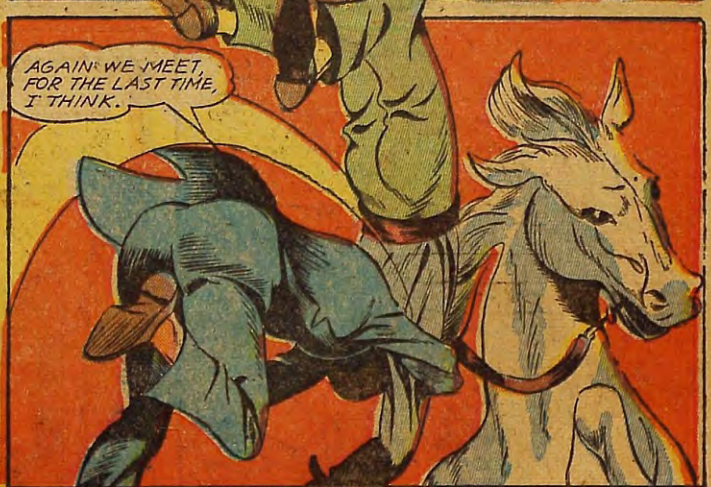
IT'S THE HORSE-  
MEN OF DEATH!  
HELP! HELP!



INSTANTLY, CAPTAIN GLORY  
LEAPS TO THE RESCUE.



AGAIN! WE MEET  
FOR THE LAST TIME,  
I THINK.





# Devil Dog

## DOLAN

"Devil Dog" Dolan boarded the launch that was to take him and his buddies ashore. "Ah Manila," whistled the marine.

The launch lazily cut through the water, when suddenly Dolan's attention was attracted to a small native boy swimming towards them. Suddenly, Dolan spied a shark's fin zooming up behind the boy, "gosh," he yelled, "a shark's going after that kid!"

Dolan jumped to the side of the launch, "I got to save him."

A husky M. P. grabbed him and said, "Don't be a fool Dolan. You can't save the kid. It would only mean your own life."

Dolan grabbed the M. P.'s club, pushed him aside and dived into the water.

As he reached the boy, the shark dove under water. Down went Dolan. He saw the shark zooming up to bite the boy's feet. The powerful jaws of the shark opened, and as they did, Dolan took his only chance.

He jammed the club into the shark's mouth. The sudden sensation of danger frightened the shark, and it dove deep into the sea and disappeared.

Once on the boat, the boy grabbed Dolan and cried, "You saved me. Me now your boy."

The marines laughed, "Ha! Ha! Devil Dog Dolan is a father."

All that day and the following week, the boy followed Dolan. At night he slept on the pier and waited for the marine to come ashore.

One morning, Dolan walked up to the boy, "Cefrina," he said, "we are going into the jungles to attack a band of savages. You can't go with me."

Tears filled Cefrina's eyes. "Me your boy," he cried. "You fight, me must fight with you."

"No!" raged Dolan. "You stay or you won't be my boy no more."

A bugle call filled the air. Dolan grabbed his pack and began to run toward his battalion. "Remember," he yelled, "don't follow."

Into the jungle, Dolan's battalion marched. For days the rear guard reported somebody was following.

The commander finally ordered, "SHOOT TO KILL!"

Chills ran down Dolan's spine, "It might be Cefrina."

That night the jungle was quiet. Dolan was on rear guard duty. Silently, he walked into the jungles, "Cefrina," he yelled.

Suddenly, a blow dart whizzed by him, and two savages leaped, grabbing him by the throat. Dolan felt steel hands choking him.

When he thought himself doomed, a small figure dropped from the trees sending Dolan and savages crashing to the floor. The sudden impact broke the hold of the savages on his throat. Dolan sprang to his feet.

"BIFF! BANG!" his fists smashed out. Down crashed the natives. Dolan looked down and saw a small boy holding his rifle.

"Cefrina!" he yelled. "Come on we got to get back to camp."

Dolan fired into the air and roused the battalion for battle.

Suddenly, the jungles were aroused. Rifle shots cracked in the air, and poisonous darts whizzed at the marines. Many finding their marks.

Hours flew by, the worried commander turned to Dolan. "It's helpless," he said, "we can't hold out much longer. The poison darts will soon kill off the wounded. We need help and medicine, in a hurry."

"I get you chief," said Dolan. "You want me to try and break through for help."

The commander nodded.

As Dolan prepared to rush out into the jungle, Cefrina's hand grabbed him. "You too big," said Cefrina. "Won't make it. Me little and know jungles. Me go!" And with that he raced into the jungle.

Hours passed, and morning began to break. The commander turned to Dolan, "I don't think he got through?"

But suddenly, Dolan leaped up, "That's what you think. Listen!" he cried. "Airplanes!"

Over the small clearing a squadron of planes dropped, their machine guns clattering away. The savages turned and fled.

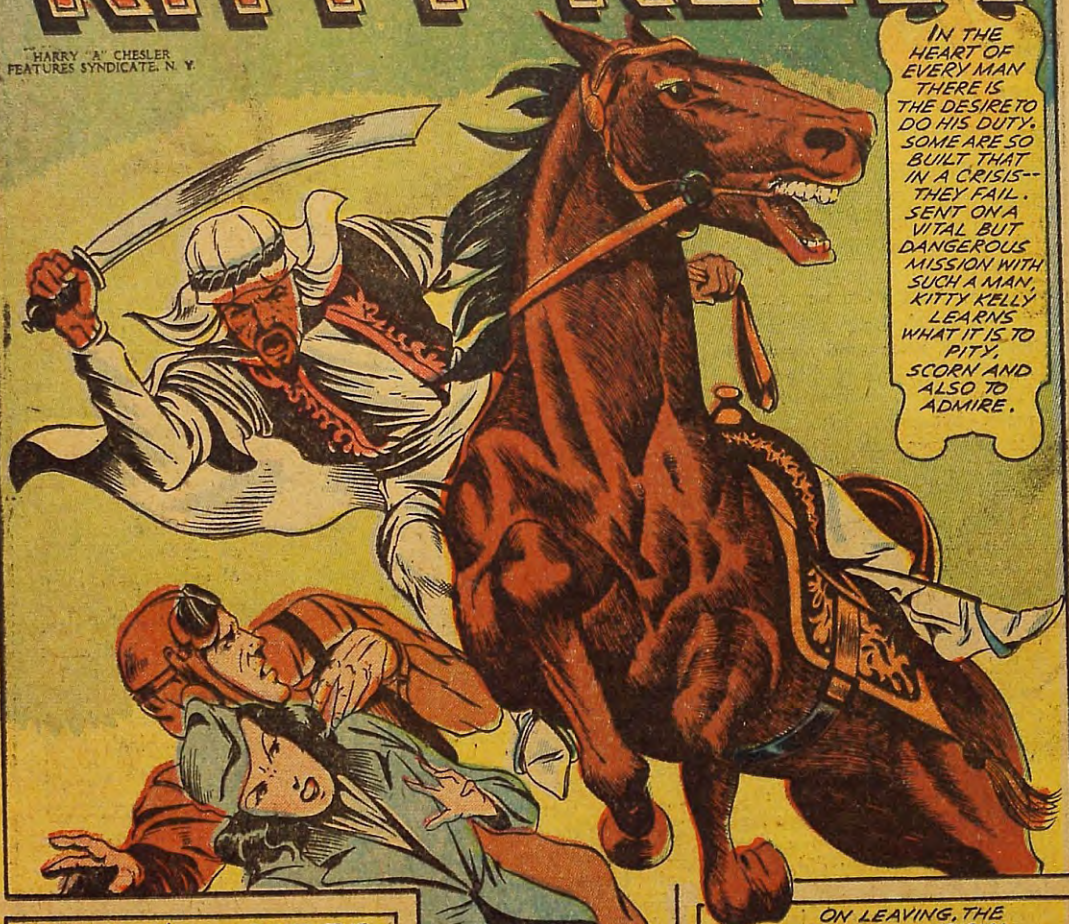
Parachute troops with supplies came out of the planes. Dolan looked up, "Jumpin Jupiter!" he grinned, "Lookit Cefrina. He's coming down in a parachute."

THE END

# KITTY KELLY

HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

IN THE HEART OF EVERY MAN THERE IS THE DESIRE TO DO HIS DUTY. SOME ARE SO BUILT THAT IN A CRISIS-- THEY FAIL. SENT ON A VITAL BUT DANGEROUS MISSION WITH SUCH A MAN, KITTY KELLY LEARNS WHAT IT IS TO PITY, SCORN AND ALSO TO ADMIRE.



SUPPLYING IT'S OWN PILOT, THE ARMY BORROWS A HOSTESS AND A PLANE.

MISS KELLY, YOU AND LIEUTENANT LIVINGSTON KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION. IT MUST BE UNDER STRICT SECRECY. GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU.



ON LEAVING, THE COMPANY OFFICIAL WHISPERS A WORD OF CAUTION TO THE HOSTESS.

THEY'RE USING OUR PLANE AND THIS NEW PILOT TO DETRACT SUSPICION, KITTY. MAKE THE BEST OF IT WITH HIM!



I REALIZE THAT, SIR-- AND I'LL DO ALL I CAN!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS THE PLANE LEAVES ON ITS MISSION OF IMPORTANCE.



PLANE JUST LEFT FOR NORTH-ERN AFRICA--- MISSION UNKNOWN

A CURT MESSAGE IS RE-LAYED THROUGH THE AIR.

HOURS AND HOURS OF GRUELLING FLYING PASS.

YEP! THIS IS ONE GREAT TRIP! I.... SAY LIEUTENANT WHAT'S WRONG?

LOOK, IT'S THEM! I'LL BET IT'S THEM!



A NAZI FIGHTER PATROL SPEEDS IN ANSWER TO THE CURT MESSAGE.



MESSERSCHMITTS-- THEY'RE AFTER US!

WITH BLAZING MACHINE GUNS, THEY DIVE FOR THE UNARMED TRANSPORT.



INSIDE, A MAN STRUGGLES WITH HIMSELF.

THEY WON'T GET ME! THEY WON'T GET ME! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

STEADY LIEUTENANT, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO-- BUT KEEP GOING!



AND FEAR CONQUERS

YOU'RE TURNING BACK?

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO SAVE MYSELF!



THIS PLANE MUST GO THROUGH!



I'AND I'M TAKING IT THROUGH!

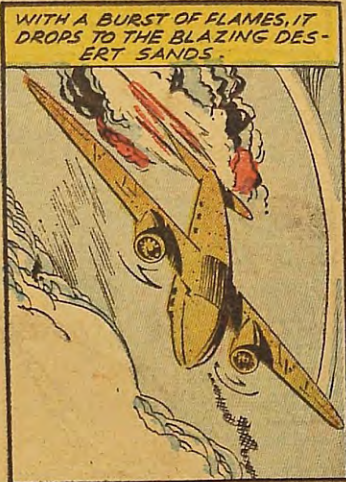
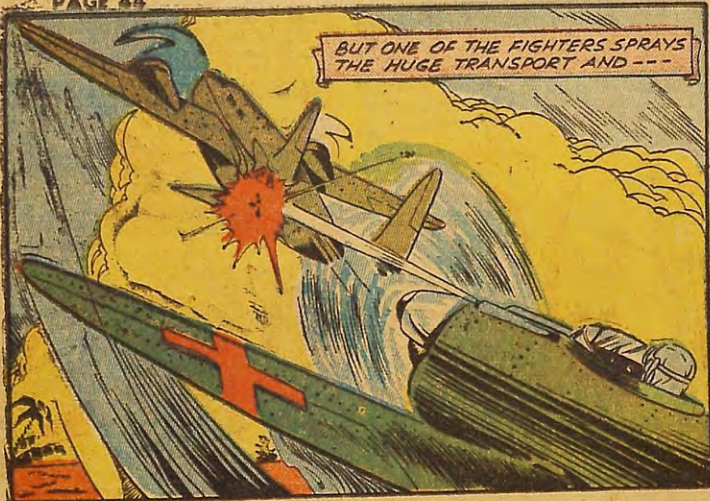


WITH KITTY AT THE CONTROLS, THE HUGE TRANSPORT RISES RAPIDLY IN AN EFFORT TO OUTCLIMB THE ATTACKERS.



BUT ONE OF THE FIGHTERS SPRAYS  
THE HUGE TRANSPORT AND ---

WITH A BURST OF FLAMES, IT  
DROPS TO THE BLAZING DES-  
ERT SANDS.



OH, THAT WAS  
MEAN--SAY I'VE  
GOT TO GET US  
OUT OF HERE!



BREATHE DEEP,  
KID, IT'LL CLEAR  
THE SMOKE  
FROM YOUR LUNGS.



TAKE A GOOD DRINK  
OF WATER. AHH, LOOKS  
LIKE WE WERE  
EXPECTED.



WE BROUGHT  
THEM DOWN  
JUST AS WE  
SAID WE  
WOULD.

YOU DID  
WELL. NOW  
TO FINISH  
THE JOB.

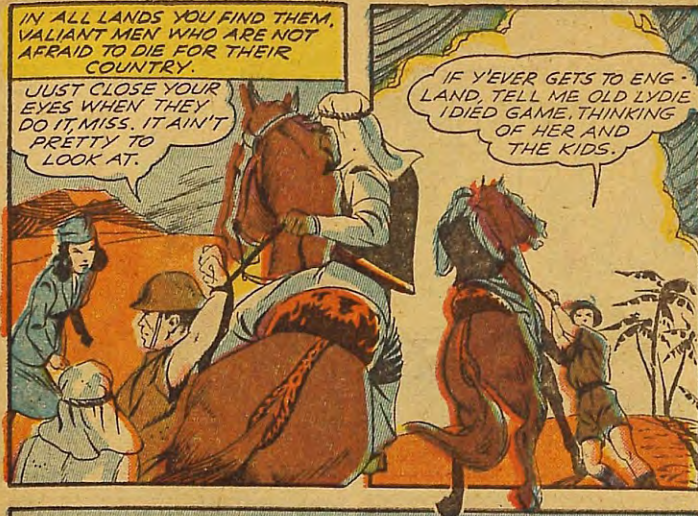


WE HAVE BORROWED  
THIS SOLDIER TO  
SHOW YOU WHAT  
WILL HAPPEN, IF  
YOU DON'T TELL  
US YOUR  
MISSION.

IN ALL LANDS YOU FIND THEM,  
VALIANT MEN WHO ARE NOT  
AFRAID TO DIE FOR THEIR  
COUNTRY.

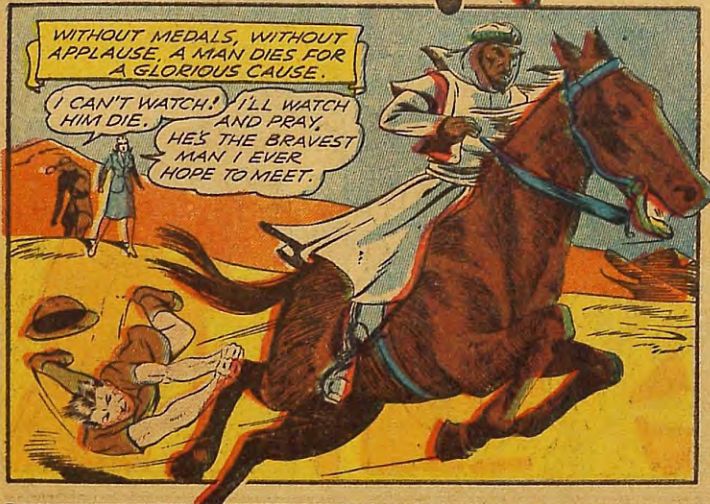
JUST CLOSE YOUR  
EYES WHEN THEY  
DO IT, MISS. IT AIN'T  
PRETTY TO  
LOOK AT.

IF Y'EVER GETS TO ENG-  
LAND, TELL ME OLD LYDIE  
I DIED GAME, THINKING  
OF HER AND  
THE KIDS.



WITHOUT MEDALS, WITHOUT  
APPLAUSE, A MAN DIES FOR  
A GLORIOUS CAUSE.

I CAN'T WATCH! I'LL WATCH  
HIM DIE. I'LL AND PRAY,  
HE'S THE BRAVEST  
MAN I EVER  
HOPE TO MEET.



A SIGNAL IS GIVEN, UNSPOKEN  
WORDS ARE CHOKED AS A  
WHIP FALLS AND ---

HO!



IT'S YOUR TURN  
NOW, UNLESS YOU  
DISCLOSE YOUR  
ERRAND.

NO, NO - LET  
ME LIVE.  
NOOOO -



HEARTLESSLY, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE.

I'LL TELL - I'LL TELL!  
LET ME GO, LET ME  
GO!

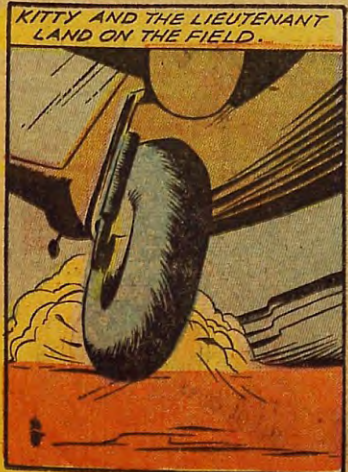
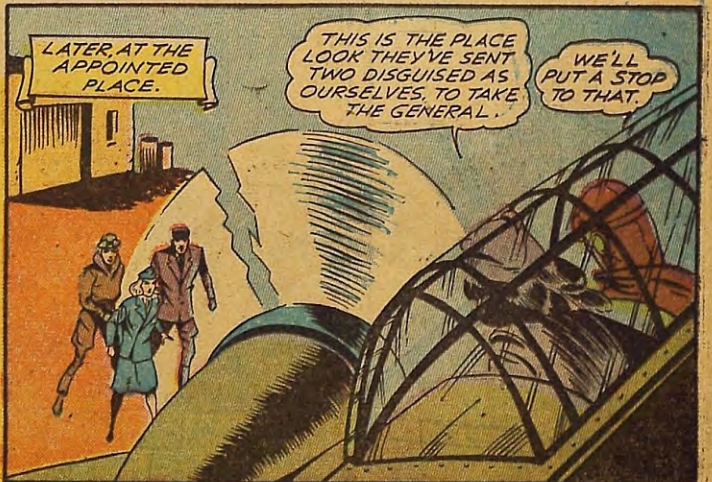
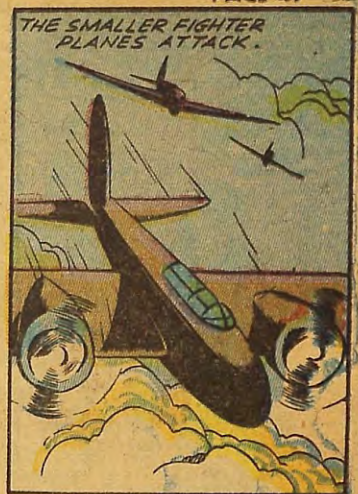


IT IS BETTER  
TO DIE, THAN BE  
BRANDED A  
COWARD.

I DON'T CARE.  
CALL ME A  
COWARD, WE  
WERE TO PICK  
UP THE COMMANDER  
OF THE FREE FRENCH  
FORCES AND BRING  
HIM TO WASHINGTON.









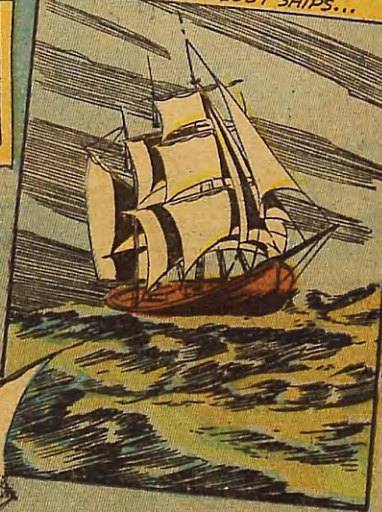


# Capt'n COURAGE

HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

IN A JOLLY ROGER FLYING FROM THE PORTHOLE OF A GALLEON SENDS THE BURLY SKIPPER, CAPTAIN COURAGE, INTO A DEATH DEFYING STRUGGLE WITH A GANG OF BLOODTHIRSTY CUT-THROATS.

UNDER FULL SAIL, THE FRIGATE COMBS THE SEA OF LOST SHIPS...



ON DECK THE BURLY CAPTAIN COURAGE AND HIS MATE, BULL, KEEP AN ALERT WATCH.



WHAT'S IT, CAP?

WE'LL SOON KNOW, BULL!





A GALLEON, SEEMS AS IF SHE'S SETTING FIRE TO THE SCHOONER. AYE, SHE'S MUST BE PIRATES THEY'RE GETTING RID OF. GOOD, THAT'S ONE JOB WE'VE BEEN SPARED!



THEN WE'LL SAIL ON, AYE CAP?

RIGHT, BULL KEEP HER WEST BY SO. WEST... HOLD ON, BULL, STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING! BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

IN ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE GALLEON, CAPT. COURAGE SEES...



AYE CAP, ME THINKS YOU'RE RIGHT. SOMEONE'S TRY TO TELL US THE GALLEON'S THE PIRATE CRAFT IN DISGUISE.

WE'LL PULL UP CLOSE AND FIND OUT THE MEANING OF THE WENCH'S SIGNAL!

BUT AS THE COMMAND IS ISSUED, DARK STORM CLOUDS MOVE INTO VIEW.



ALL HANDS ON DECK... READY FOR ACTION!



WE'LL RUN BEFORE IT, BULL. THIS CAN'T LAST. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON ABOARD THE GALLEON!



STAND BY, THE WEATHER BRACES!

DESPITE THE POWERFUL LASHING OF THE WAVES, CAPTAIN COURAGE GUIDES THE SHIP SKILLFULLY.



SHE'S A MEAN ONE, CAP! LOOK AT THEM COMBERS!

AYE, MATE, BUT WE'LL BEAT HER!

INCREASINGLY VIOLENT GROW THE ELEMENTS...











# THE GREEN GHOST



A sharp piercing scream filled the night. Two gangsters raced across the lawn of Fred Miller's home and rushed into a car. "Come on," one of them yelled, "we got the inventor's kid."

The car raced into the night. Suddenly one of the gangsters yelled, "Cripes, this kid's got red hair. We got the wrong kid."

"Gee," barked the second gangster, "the boss'll kill us for this. We'd better throw him out."

The gangster opened the door of the car. As he was about to throw the little boy out, suddenly a green dart pierced his throat.

"AGHHHHH!" screamed the gangster as he fell dead, still holding the boy in his arms.

The other gangster looked at the green dart and shouted, "IT'S THE SIGN OF THE GREEN GHOST!"

"Green Ghost!" gasped the driver. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator. But, before the car could pick up more speed a huge boulder appeared on the road blocking its course. The car screeched to a halt. Across the boulder fell the giant shadow of a hooded person.

"Green Ghost!" screamed the driver as he fled.

The other gangster tried to follow. But too late! The Green Ghost dived down on him.

"Let me live," wailed the gangster.

"I will," replied the Green Ghost, "but first tell me who sent you?"

"SIGI," gasped the gangster.

As the name rang in his ears, the Green Ghost knew that he was battling the most dangerous criminal in America. Quickly, he grabbed the boy and jumped into the car, but suddenly a treacherous cry rang in the night. Ha! Ha! Green Ghost, while you were chasing my men, I kidnaped the inventor's son. The valuable bomb-sight plans will be mine for ransom. Ha! Ha! I don't believe in Ghosts." The Green Ghost's eyes pierced the night, but saw nothing.

With Sigi's laughter still ringing in his ears, the Green Ghost was preparing to trap him.

Stealthily, he leaped from the tree to the balcony of the inventor's home. "I've got a plan to catch Sigi," said the Green Ghost as he silently entered the house, "but the inventor will have to help me . . ."

The next day Sigi received the answer to the message he left with the inventor. The add in the paper read, "I'LL HAVE PAPERS IN CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT."

Miller nervously paced the cemetery grounds. All about him were grave stones. A lone tree stood in the cemetery. From the hill above, one could see the surrounding country side for miles. Suddenly, a car stopped on the hill. Out of it came Sigi. He held the inventor's son with one hand and carried a machine gun in his other.

"Give me the papers," he commanded. "One phony move, and I'll blast your son."

The inventor handed Sigi the papers.

Sigi looked at them, and roared, "Why they're fakers. I'll machine-gun your kid."

Suddenly, the branches in the tree rustled. Sigi looked up and saw the Green Ghost.

Sigi yelled, "Another step and the kid dies. I don't believe in ghosts."

A sharp wind swept across the cemetery. "Oh no," laughed the Green Ghost, as he snapped an invisible string, "then look behind you."

Sigi turned and saw weird figures flying over the tombstones toward him. "YIIII!" he screamed, as he became paralyzed in his tracks.

Before he knew it, the Green Ghost leaped down on him and smashed him to the ground.

Sigi sprang up at his assailant and cursed, as his blows went wild. The Green Ghost stepped under the gangster's arms and ended the fight with an uppercut to the jaw.

"Boy," laughed Miller, as he hugged his son, "those bed sheets came in handy. You certainly knew we'd get a strong breeze at the right moment." The inventor looked up. The Green Ghost was gone, and the friendly wail of police sirens filled the air.

THE END

# The SKY CHIEF



BOMBERS BEING FERRIED TO BRITAIN BY MEN OF VALOR, WITH UNSWERVING HEROISM, BEGIN TO VANISH, LEAVING NO TRACE OF PLANE OR PILOT, ONLY SKY CHIEF DARES TO ZOOM INTO THE CLOUDS TO SMASH THIS MYSTERY.

AS AN AMERICAN MADE BOMBER TAKES OFF FOR ENGLAND, FROM A CANADIAN BASE, A SMALL FIGURE ENTERS THE WORKSHOP.



AND A MYSTERIOUS CALL IS RADIOED OUT TO SEA.

THE PLANE JUST LEFT, IT WILL LAND AT THE USUAL SPOT!



THE BOMBER ROARS OVER THE ATLANTIC ON ITS WAY TO BRITAIN.



WHEN SUDDENLY...



THE PLANE LANDS...

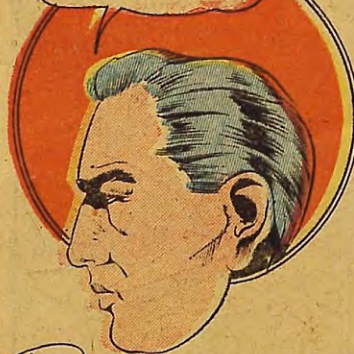


SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, AN OFFICIAL OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT CONFERES WITH THE F.B.I.

IN ONE MONTH, THREE BOMBERS FOR BRITAIN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. AFTER FUTILE INVESTIGATION WE ARE FORCED TO ASK THE F.B.I. FOR HELP.



MR. KING, I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO SMASH THIS MYSTERY. I'M SENDING OUT MY BEST AGENT.



FROM WASHINGTON, THE F.B.I. CHIEF CALLS TO THE SECRET BASE OF SKY CHIEF...

--- AND THAT'S YOUR ORDERS. REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE CANADIAN AIR FIELD. MR. KING WILL GIVE YOU FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.



SKY CHIEF, DETERMINEDLY VOWS TO END THE MYSTERIOUS SABOTAGE...

AMERICAN LABOR BUILT THOSE PLANES TO SMASH HITLER AND NOBODY CAN STOP THEM!



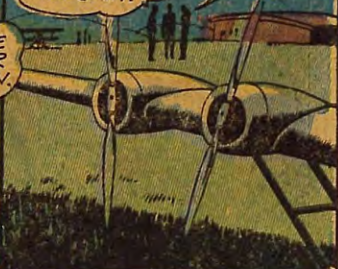
THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE CANADIAN AIR BASE...

ALRIGHT SKY CHIEF, I'LL KEEP IT A SECRET THAT YOU'RE HERE. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AS AN INVESTIGATOR OF THE AMERICAN PLANE COMPANY.

GOOD, NOW I'LL MEET YOUR CHIEF MECHANIC. I WANT TO EXAMINE THE NEXT BOMBER LEAVING FOR BRITAIN.



SURE GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE THESE DISAPPEARANCES ARE GIVING ME THE CREEPS. TOM, I WANT YOU TO MEET AN INVESTIGATOR OF THE AMERICAN PLANE COMPANY, MR. CAIN.



SKY CHIEF AND THE CHIEF MECHANIC CAREFULLY EXAMINE THE PLANE...

THE INSTRUMENTS ARE OKAY, BUT YOU CAN GO IN AND GIVE IT ANOTHER CHECK UP.

OKAY! YOU CAN LOOK AT THE MOTOR.

I GUESS EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY, HERE COMES THE PILOT.

SO LONG EVERYBODY, I HOPE I GET THROUGH AND BEAT THIS MYSTERY.

DON'T WORRY I'M SURE YOU WILL.

THE PILOT PREPARES FOR THE FLIGHT AND...

OUCH, DARNIT, I MUST HAVE SCRATCHED MY FINGER ON MY RING.

SOON THE PLANE IS ZOOMING ON ITS WAY.

WHERE'D THE INVESTIGATOR DISAPPEAR TO? OH WELL, I GUESS HE WENT TO TELL MR. KING THAT EVERYTHING IS OKAY.

ONCE AGAIN, THE STRANGE PHONE CALL, AS THE PLANE LEAVES.

EVERYTHING OKAY, MEET THE PLANE...

MEANWHILE SKY CHIEF HAS SLIPPED ABOARD...

EVERYTHING IS GOING SMOOTHLY. SAY, I WONDER IF THE PILOT KNOWS HE'S CARRYING A STOWAWAY.

WHY WE'RE LANDING. I'LL...



AS SKY CHIEF REPORTS HIS FINDINGS...

MR. KING, I BELIEVE I HAVE THIS GANG OF SABOTUERS ON THE RUN. HERE'S HOW WE CAN CAPTURE THEM. WE'LL NEED TWO COAST GUARD CUTTERS AND...



THE SIXTH SENSE OF SKY CHIEF WARNS HIM OF NEAR DANGER AND...

MR. KING, JUST A SECOND.



HERE MUG, SAY A FEW WORDS TO MR. KING.

YIIIIII!

I'D BETTER BEAT IT BACK TO THE SUB. THIS IS A LABORATORY AND I'M DOING AN EXPERIMENT.



ONE OF THEM IS ESCAPING. I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM. SEND POLICE TO LAB. AND MEET ME AT SEA. BRING THE COAST GUARD.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN HIS OWN PLANE, SKY CHIEF SEES...



THAT MUST BE THE SUB DOWN THERE. HERE GOES!

SKY CHIEF PLAYS WITH THE SUB, AS A CAT WITH A MOUSE, AS HE WAITS FOR THE COAST GUARD TO ARRIVE...



AH, WE GOT HIM!

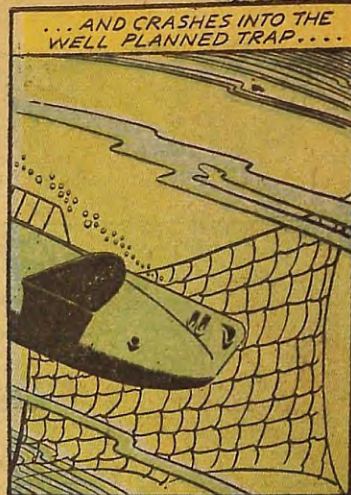
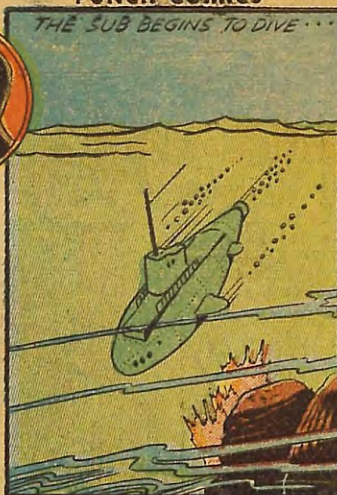
IF HE'S ALIVE TAKE HIM PRISONER.



THE BATTLE FOR TIME IS NOT LOST, AS THE COAST GUARD ARRIVES.



LOOK! COAST GUARD CUTTERS. SUBMERGE!



# Jess



I NEVER COULD  
SETTLE UP....  
MEBBE I KIN  
SETTLE DOWN.

"THE WEATHER'S GITTIN' COLD AND BLEAK...  
WE'LL SOON HAVE SNOW," SAID JESS.  
"I SHOULD GIT MARRIED RIGHT AWAY  
AN' GIT A HOME, I GUESS."



HELLO, BESS.  
WATCHA GOT  
FER SUPPER?

SO HE WENT COURTIN' BESSIE BROWN,  
THE WIDOW, DOWN THE WAY.  
SHE COOKED FOR HIM A NIFTY DISH  
AND MADE HIM FEEL QUITE GAY.



I SHORE COULD USE  
A HAN'SOME, STRONG  
MAN LIKE YOU  
AROUN' THE  
PLACE.

HUH?

"I'D LIKE SOME ONE AROUND THE HOUSE,"  
SAID BUXOM, JOLLY BESS,  
"TO PLOW THE FIELDS AND HAUL THE CORN  
AN' CLEAN UP ALL THE MESS."



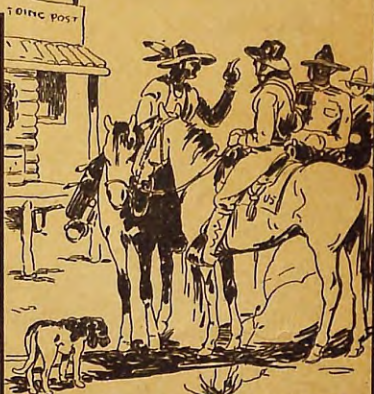
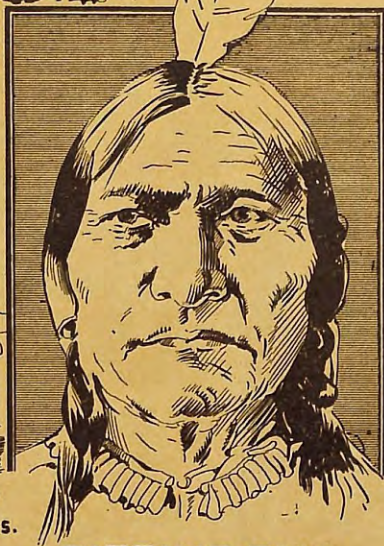
GIT GOIN', YOU  
LOAFER!

NOW, JESS WAS AIMIN' TO GET HITCHED,  
BUT STILL HE WAS NO FOOL.  
"YUH HAVE NO NEED FER ME," HE SAID,  
"WHUT YOU NEED IS A MULE!"

# SITTING BULL



Sioux chief. Famous for his fierce opposition to the Whites in the Northwest.

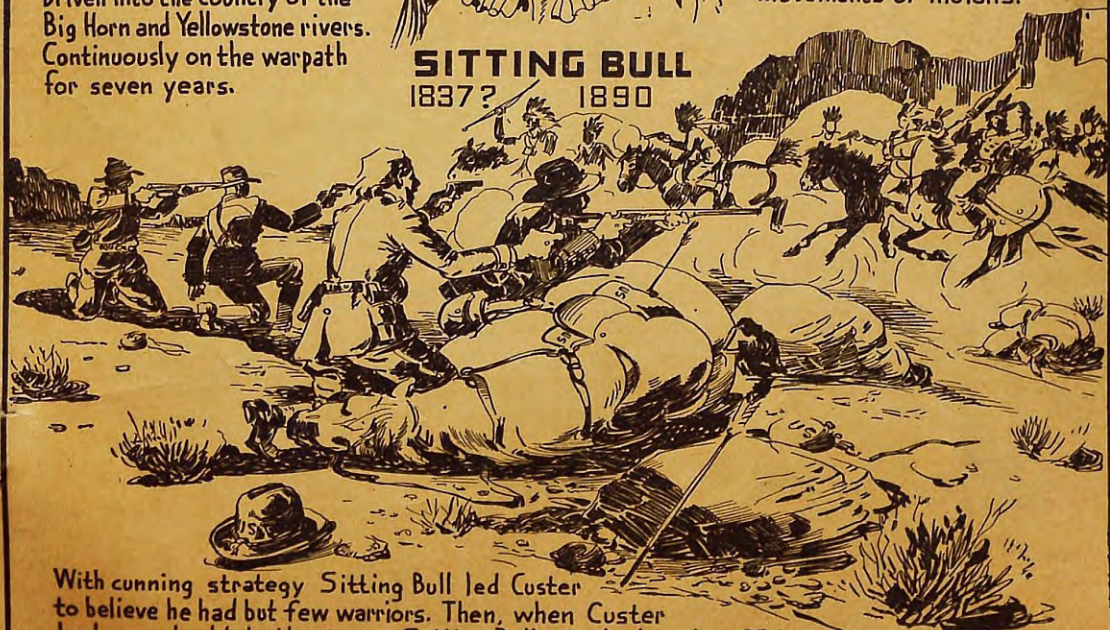


General G. A. Custer, with 208 U.S. Army troops, sent to capture Sitting Bull. Warned of mass movements of Indians.



Driven into the country of the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers. Continuously on the warpath for seven years.

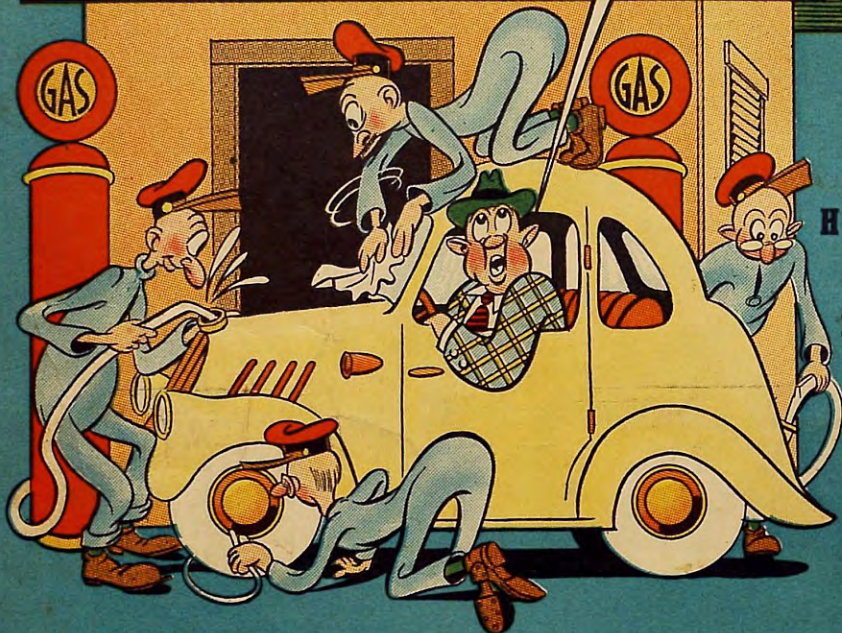
**SITTING BULL**  
1837? 1890



With cunning strategy Sitting Bull led Custer to believe he had but few warriors. Then, when Custer had marched into the trap, Sitting Bull attacked on June 25, 1876. The Indians were far superior in numbers and they cruelly massacred Custer and his entire band.

WHAT!! NO  
KING KOLA?

**SUPER SERVICE STATION**



GET THE  
**HANDY-PACK**  
6  
**BOTTLES**  
**25c**

**IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢**  
**2 FULL GLASSES . . . . .**  
**AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS**

**FIRST for THIRST**  
**King Kola**  
**SODA-LICIOUS**



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FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.